

are most ready thus to prate are the most childish when misfortune overtakes them. For myself, I profess not to be one of those stoics who look on pain and pleasure as mere ideas of the mind, and easily to be avoided by a simple volition of the will. There *are* many ills that flesh is heir to, and not the least of them, talk as you will, are the pangs of despised love. What do we live for? To be happy; and the enlightened and generous soul in pursuit of this object will despise many things that the vulgar and ignorant regard as the most substantial good. You may prate as you will about solid studies, grave pursuits, important occupations, great desires, and all such sickly stuff. What does it amount to? Those who cant most about such things are themselves, with solemn concern, grasping at bubbles and chasing shadows. No one can or need desire more than his own happiness; and where can the good, refined, and ingenuous man find it except in the full fruition of love, the highest attribute of immortal beings? I leave to others to break their bones and rob their nights of rest in the vain and sensual pursuits of avarice, ambition, malice, and the animal enjoyments of the table and the bottle; for me, I want only to spend my days on earth with a being kindred with those whose society will be one of the chief delights of heaven. She *is* good; Edith Mayfield *is* as pure, as amiable, as tender, refined, and generous as she is fascinating and beautiful, and I shall no longer hear with patience reflections on her character. She is dearer to me a thousand times than all the rest of the world put together; and I will have you to know, that by making you my confidant in my troubles, I do not give you licence to use her name so lightly. I respect you more than I do any man except my father; but I will not permit even you to abuse Edith Mayfield in my presence."

The satirical expression of the master's face instantly vanished, and, with his kind heart beaming in his eyes, he said, in his most gentle tones, "If I have offended you, Henry, I sincerely lament it; for God knows I would not designedly hurt your feelings for any consideration. Do you not see that I talk at random? Do you not see that my indifference is feigned—that my mock appearance of unconcern, and my vain attempts to ridicule and make myself merry at the expense of the sex, are like the convulsive laughter of a man in fever? My dear friend, I feel for you more than I care to say; there is a rankling sting at my heart, which I would fain forget, and which your grief revives. My humour is an unnatural excitement; you must forgive me, for I have a canker here."

"With all my heart I forgive you," re-

plied the judge, "and sincerely ask pardon myself, for I have been too hasty. For Heaven's sake forget the harshness of my words and manners, for I am not myself."

"Your warmth was natural and excusable," replied the master, "and it is impossible for you to be otherwise than sad. Your case is a hard one, but a remedy may be found in your own mind. It will soon be itself again; reason will soon triumph over the passions of the heart, though the battle will be a fierce one, and the victory will cost the lives of some of the dearest hopes and sweetest charities and affections of your nature. I leave with you the map; when you are by yourself, look on it, and it will be of service to you."

With this the friends parted; M'Bride to attend to matters connected with his profession, and Warden to seek out Uncle Corny, of whom he had already resolved to make a confidant and an agent.

As he approached the residence of the Demijohns, his ears were saluted by the sound of a fife blown with lively animation and villainous disregard of tune or harmony, while at intervals he heard a hoarse and martial voice that seemed to be giving commands to a regiment of soldiers on parade. Aware of Corny's fondness for the art military, and curious to know in what manner he was now exercising his talents, he advanced to a position whence he could see, unobserved, the proceedings in the back yard. The old lady, Demijohn's mother, sat in her arm-chair in the doorway, smoking 'a short-stemmed pipe, and watching with a complacent countenance the actions of her son. He, arrayed in the small and faded uniform of his father, and with a naked sword in his hand, was drilling a squad of ragged negroes of all ages and sizes, the most venerable-looking one of whom stood at their head leaning to his music, blowing with all the force of his lungs, and with the most solemn sincerity of manner.

"Massa Corny," at length said the musician, pausing in his labours, "spose you let me take de fiddle; I can't blow any music out ob dis consarn, for it haint got none in it."

"Fiddles are never used in the army, Cæsar," answered Demijohn, "and it would be against all the rules of war to march by them. Attention, company! Forwards! March! Music in front!"

At this instant the judge made his appearance, and the soldiers would have dispersed incontinently; but their commander was too good an officer to be taken by surprise. He halted his men, called over their names, and, regularly dismissing them, then for the first time seemed to be aware of the presence of Warden. After some brief conversation upon the subject of war, Uncle Corny's visiter took him aside, and